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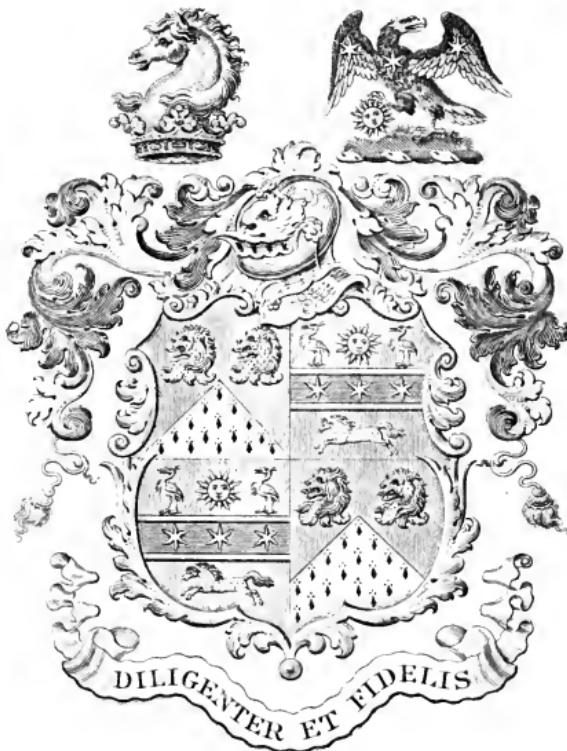


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GETTYSBURG  
AND  
OTHER POEMS

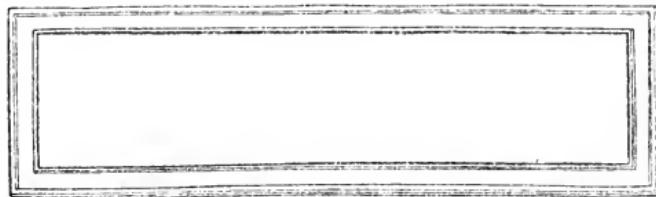
PENNYPACKER

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LONDON, W.



EDWARD AND MARIANNA  
HERON-ALLEN.

JULY, MD.CC.XX.I.



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# GETTYSBURG

AND

## OTHER POEMS.

BY

ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER.



PHILADELPHIA:  
PORTER & COATES.

1890.

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TO WINE  
AUGUST 1890

## P R E F A C E.

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IN response to an invitation extended on behalf of the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and the State Board of Commissioners on Gettysburg Monuments by Colonel John P. Nicholson, secretary of the Board, the poem which leads this collection was composed, and was pronounced at the dedication of the Pennsylvania monuments on the battle-field of Gettysburg on September 12, 1889.

Some of the earlier poems, "The Old Church at the Trappe" and "The Perkiomen," found their way into Longfellow's "Poems of Places." Under another title the poem "Tacey Richardson's Race" was included in a collection of poems about horse-back riding, entitled "In the Saddle," and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in 1882. Its present title was adopted at the suggestion of Mr. Longfellow.

These poems, with a few others not hitherto published, are now for the first time brought together.

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# GETTYSBURG.



## GETTYSBURG.

'TWAS on the time when Lee,  
Below Potomac's swollen ford,  
Had beaten down the broken sword  
Of his baffled enemy.

His long line lengthened faster  
Than the days of June,  
O'er valleys varied, mountains vaster,  
By forced marches night and noon.  
Any morn might bring him down,  
Captor of the proudest town ;  
Any one of cities three  
At noon or night might prostrate be.

Then to Meade was the sword of the North  
Held hiltward for proof of its worth ;  
O'er the vastness of masses of men  
All the glorious banners of war,  
All the battle-flags floated again ;  
All the bugles blew blithely once more,  
Sounding the stately advance ;  
Village door-ways framed faces of awe  
At the trains of artillery pressed  
On earth's reverberent breast,  
And the sun sought the zenith, and saw  
All the splendors of war at a glance.

How soon the first fierce rain of death,  
In big drops dancing on the trees,  
Withers the foliage! At a breath,  
Hot as the blasts that dried old seas,  
The clover falls like drops of blood  
From mortal hurts, and stains the sod;  
The wheat is clipped, but the ripe grain  
Here long ungarnered shall remain;  
And many who at the drum's long roll  
Sprang to the charge and swelled the cheer,  
And set their flags high on the knoll,  
Ne'er knew how went the fight fought here;  
For them a knell tumultuous shells  
Shook from the consecrated bells,  
As here they formed that silent rank,  
Whose glorious star at twilight sank.

And night, which lulls all discords—night,  
Which stills the folds and vocal wood,  
And, with the touch of finger light,  
Quiets the pink-lipped brook's wild mood,  
Which sends the wind to seek the latch,  
And seals young eyes while mothers watch—  
Night stays the battle, but with day  
Their lives, themselves, foes hurl away.  
Where thousands fell, but did not yield,  
Shall be to-morrow's battle-field.  
E'er dying died or dead were cold,  
New hosts pressed on the lines to hold,  
And held them—hold them now in sleep,  
While stars and sentinels go round,

And war-worn chargers shrink like sheep  
Beside their riders on the ground.

All through the night—all through the North  
Speed doubtful tidings back and forth;  
Through North and South, from dusk till day,  
A sundered people diverse pray.

So gradual sink the deliberate stars,  
The sun doth run the laggards down,  
At sleep's still meadows bursts the bars,  
And floods with light the steepled town.  
Blow, bugles of the cavalry, blow !  
Forward the infantry, row on row !  
While every battery leaps with life,  
And swells with tongueless throats the strife !

Where grappled foes, one flushed with joy  
From triumphs fresh, and come to destroy,  
And one by blows but tempered fit  
To keep the torch of freedom lit,  
The battle-dust from heroes' feet,  
Brief hiding rally and last retreat,  
By the free sunlight touched became  
A golden pillar of lambent flame.  
Glorified was this field, its white  
Faces of victors and of slain,  
And these and Round-Top's luminous height  
That glory flashed afar again,  
Around the world, for all to see  
One nation and one wholly free,

And branded deep with flaming sword  
Its primal compact's binding word.  
'Neath Freedom's dome that light divine,  
Borne here from dark defiles of Time,  
From here upblazed, a beacon sign  
To all the oppressed of every clime,  
And dulled eyes glistened : hope upsprung  
Where'er ills old when man was young,  
Against awaking thought were set,  
Where power its tribute wrongly wrung,  
Or moved on pathways rank even yet  
With martyrs' blood, where'er a tongue  
Hath words to show, as serf, slave, thrall,  
How great man's power ! how deep man's fall !

Long will be felt, though hurled in vain,  
The shock that shook the Northern gate ;  
Long heard the shots that dashed amain,  
But flattened on the rock of fate,  
Where Lee still strove, but failed to break  
The barrier down, or fissure make,  
And never grasped by force the prize  
Deferred by years of compromise ;  
Long will men keep the memory bright  
Of deeds done here ; how flashed the blade  
Of Hancock from South Mountain's shade  
To the sheer heights of unfading light !  
That martial morn o'er yonder ridge  
Reynolds last rode face towards the foe,  
And onward rides through history so ;

For Meade, even as for Joshua, suns  
The unmindful gulf of Time abridge,  
While still its depths fling back his guns'  
Victorious echoes. The same wise power  
Which starts the currents from ocean's heart,  
And hurls the tides at their due hour,  
Or holds them with a force unspent,  
Made him like master, in each part,  
O'er all his mighty instrument.

Chief leaders of the battle great !  
Three sons of one proud mother State !

These epoch stones she sets stand fast,  
As on her field her regiments stood ;  
Their volleys rang the first and last ;  
They kept with Webb the target-wood,  
And there for all turned on its track  
The wild gulf stream of treason back,  
Or on the stubborn hill-sides trod  
Out harvests sown not on the clod.

Hearts shall beat high in days grown tame  
At thoughts of them and their proud fame,  
And watching Pickett's gallant band  
Melt like lost snow-flakes in the deep,  
Pity shall grow throughout the land,  
And near apace with joy shall keep.

Baffled, beaten, back to the ford,  
His own at last the broken sword,  
Rode the invader. On his breast  
His head with sorrow low was pressed ;

On his horse's tangled mane  
Loosely hung the bridle rein.  
At Gettysburg his valiant host  
The last hope of their cause had lost ;  
In vain their daring and endeavor,  
It was buried there forever ;  
Right well he knew the way he fled  
Straight to the last surrender led.

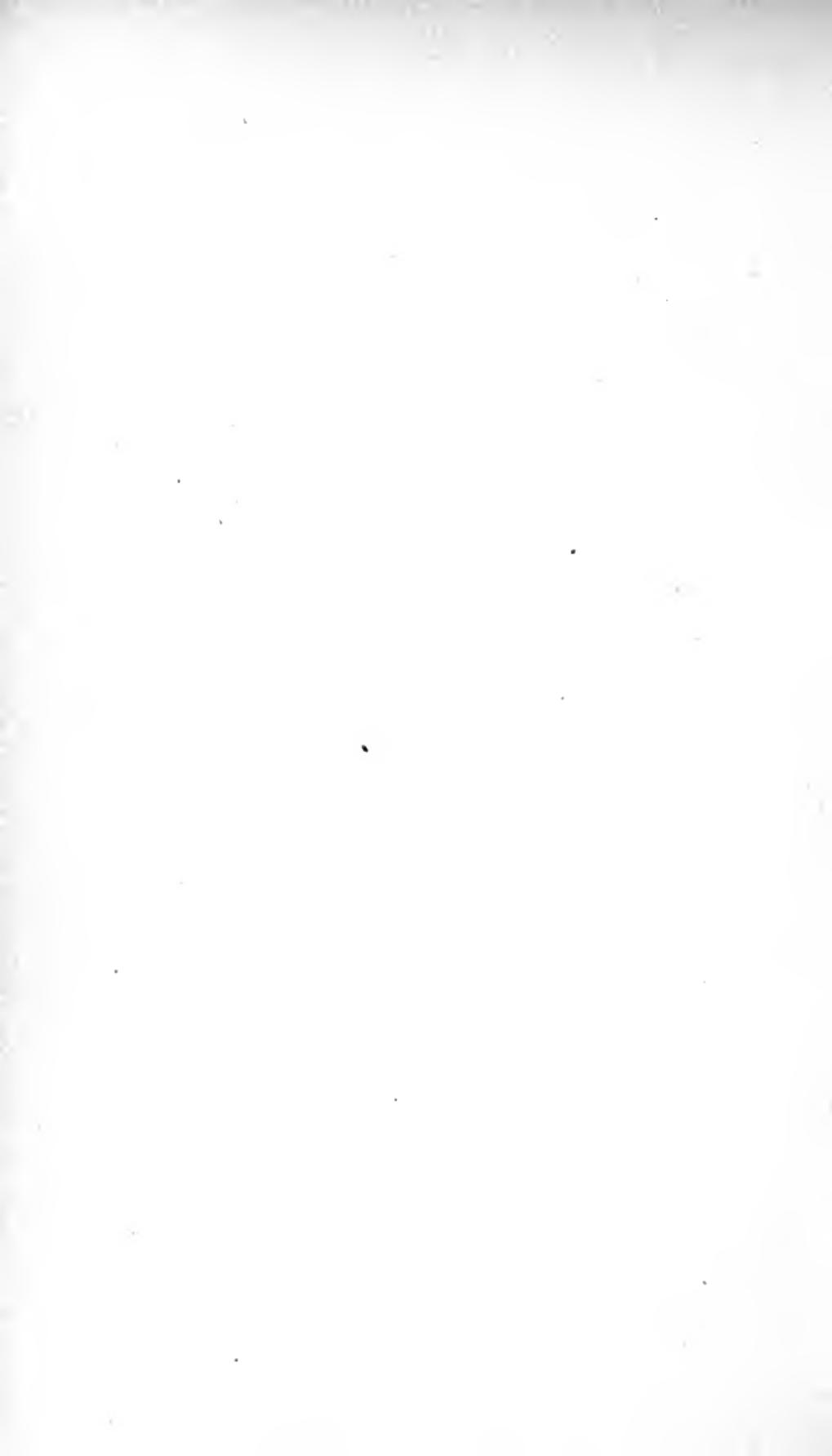
So ended Lee's anabasis,  
And all he hoped had come to this :—  
As well for master as the driven  
That not to him was victory given ;  
So Right emboldened and made known  
Hurled the whole troop of Error down,  
And here held fast an heritage.  
So on that course may all hold fast  
Till no man takes an hundred's wage,  
And each one has his own at last,  
Till the last caravan of the bound,  
Driven towards some Bornuese market-place,  
Happily shall feel their bonds unwound,  
And steps of woe in joy retrace.

In the cities of the North  
The brazen cannon belched forth  
For the defeat of Lee.  
When the smoke from this field  
Unfolded, lo ! fixed on the shield,  
Each wandering star was revealed,  
And the steeple bells pealed

Inland to the further sea.  
In the villages flags waved  
For Meade's victory,—  
A thousand, thousand flags waved  
For the souls to be free,  
For the Union saved,  
For the Union still to be.



## TACEY RICHARDSON'S RACE.



## TACEY RICHARDSON'S RACE.

THE tall Green Tree its shadow cast  
Upon Howe's army, that southward passed  
From Gordon's Ford to the Quaker town,  
Intending in quarters to settle down  
Till snows were gone, and spring again  
Should easier make a new campaign.

Beyond the fences, that lined the way,  
The fields of Captain Richardson lay ;  
His woodland and meadows reached far and wide,  
From the hills behind to the Schuylkill's side ;  
Across the stream, in the mountain gorge,  
He could see the smoke of the Valley Forge.

The captain had fought in the frontier war ;  
When the fight was done, bearing seam and scar,  
He marched back home to tread once more  
The same tame round he had trod before,  
And turned his thoughts, with sighs of regret,  
To ploughshares, wishing them sword-blades yet.

He put the meadow in corn that year,  
And swore till his blacks were white with fear ;  
He ploughed, and planted, and married a wife,  
But life grew weary with inward strife ;

His blood was hot, and his throbbing brain  
Beat with the surf of some far main.

Should he sack a town, or rob the mail,  
Or on the wide seas a pirate sail?  
He pondered it over, concluding instead  
To buy three steeds, in Arabia bred;  
On Sopus, Fearnnaught, or Scipio,  
He felt his blood more evenly flow.

To his daughter Tacey the coming days  
Brought health and beauty and graceful ways;  
He taught her to ride his fleetest steed  
At a five-barred fence, or a ditch at need,  
And the captain's horses, his hounds, and his child  
Were famous from sea to forests wild.

In the fall they chased the fox to his den,  
Or in spring they followed the fishermen  
To the shore of Richardson's Island near,  
Where the shad were entangled with seine and weir  
In winter away, when frosts were white,  
They came safe home at candle-light.

By the great wide hearth, where the firelight fell,  
In long winter evenings, the captain would tell  
Some marvellous tale from his well-stocked store,  
And he fought his Indian battles o'er,  
With andirons and tongs to show the stockade,  
And just where the first assault was made;

Or he read from the Bible, that stood on the shelf,  
Some soul-stirring story that pleased himself,  
And enforced his saying, that women should be  
Prepared, whatsoever the emergency ;  
Till the fire burned low, the room grew cold,  
And the Rittenhouse clock the tenth hour told.

So the seasons changed, and once each week,  
Through spring and summer and winter bleak,  
Beyond the cross-roads a horn blew clear,  
The horn of the mounted postman near,  
And he hurled from his seat, as he passed the door,  
*The Pennsylvania Gazette* that he bore.

It told of estrays and runaway slaves,  
Of vendues, treaties with Indian braves ;  
That the city folk resolutions had passed  
Of non-importation ; it brought the last  
Tidings from London, the first news of war,  
And later—Howe's army marched by the door.

Master and man from home were gone,  
And Fearnought held the stables alone,  
And Mistress Tacey her spirit showed,  
The morning the British came down the road :  
She hid the silver, and drove the cows  
To the island, behind the willow-boughs.

Was time too short ? Or did she forget  
That Fearnought stood in the stables yet ?

Across the fields, to the gate, she ran,  
And followed the path 'neath the grape-arbor's span;  
On the door-step she paused, and turned, to see  
The head of the line beneath the Green Tree.

The last straggler passed; the night came on,  
And then 'twas discovered that Fearnought was  
gone;

Some time, somehow, from his stall he was led,  
Where an old gray horse was left in his stead,  
And Tacey must prove to her father that she  
Had been prepared for the emergency.

For the words he scattered on kind soil fell,  
And Tacey had learned his maxims well  
In the stories he read. She remembered the art  
That concealed the fear in Esther's heart;  
How the words of the woman, Abigail,  
Appeased the king's wrath; the deed of Jael;

How Judith went from the city's gate,  
Across the plain, as the day grew late,  
To the tent of the great Assyrian,  
The leader exalted with horse and man,  
And brought back his head; said Tacey, "Of course,  
A more difficult feat than to bring back a horse."

In the English camp the reveille drum  
Told the sleeping troops that the dawn had come,  
And the shadows abroad, that with night were blent,  
At the drum's tap startled, crept under each tent,

As Tacey ran from the sheltering wood,  
Across the wet grass where the horse-pound stood.

Hark! was it the twitter of frightened bird,  
Or was it the challenge of sentry she heard?  
She entered unseen, but her footsteps she stayed  
When the old gray horse, in the wood still, neighed;  
Half hid in the mist a shape loomed tall,  
A steed that answered her well-known call.

With freedom beyond for the recompense,  
She sprang to his back, and leaped the fence.  
Too late the alarm; but Tacey heard,  
As she sped away, how the camp was stirred,—  
The stamping of horses, the shouts of men,  
And the bugle's impatient call again.

Loudly and fast on the Ridge Road beat  
The regular fall of Fearnaught's feet;  
On his broad bare back his rider's seat  
Was as firm as the tread of the steed so fleet;  
Small need of saddle, or bridal-rein,  
He answered as well her touch on his mane.

On down the hill, by the river shore,  
Faster and faster she rode than before;  
Her bonnet fell back, her head was bare,  
And the river breeze, that freed her hair,  
Dispersed the fog, and she heard the shout  
Of the troopers behind when the sun came out.

The wheel at Van Deering's had dripped nearly dry,  
In Sabbath-like stillness the morning passed by;  
Then the clatter of hoofs came down the hill,  
And the white old miller ran out from the mill,  
But he only saw, through the dust of the road,  
The last red-coat that faintly showed.

To Tacey, the sky, and the trees, and the wind  
Seemed all to rush towards her, and follow behind;  
Her lips were set firm, and pale was her cheek,  
As she plunged down the hill and through the creek;  
The tortoise-shell comb that she lost that day  
The Wissahickon carried away.

On the other side, up the stony hill,  
The feet of Fearnaught went faster still;  
But somewhat backward the troopers fell,  
For the hill and the pace began to tell  
On their horses, worn with a long campaign  
O'er rugged mountains and weary plain.

The road was deserted, for, when men fought,  
A secret path the traveller sought;  
Two scared idlers in Levering's Inn  
Fled to the woods at the coming din;  
The watch-dog ran to bark his delight,  
But pursued and pursuers were out of sight.

Surely the distance between them increased,  
And the shouts of the troopers had long since ceased;

One after another pulled his rein,  
And rode, with great oaths, to the camp again ;  
Oft a look backward Tacey sent  
To the fading red of the regiment.

She heard the foremost horseman call ;  
She saw the horse stumble, the rider fall ;  
She patted her steed, and checked his pace,  
And leisurely rode the rest of the race ;  
When the Seven-Stars' sign on the horizon showed,  
Behind, not a trooper was on the road.

In vain had they shouted who followed in chase,  
In vain their wild ride. So ended the race.  
Though fifty strong voices may clamor and call,  
If she hear not the strongest, she hears not them all ;  
Though fifty fleet horses go galloping fast,  
One swifter than all shall be farthest at last.

Said the well-pleased captain, when he came home :  
“ The steed shall be thine and a new silver comb ;  
’Twas a daring deed and bravely done.”  
As proud of the praise as the promise won,  
The maiden stole from the house to feed,  
With a generous hand, her gallant steed.

Unavailing the storms of the century beat  
With the roar of thunder, or winter’s sleet ;  
The mansion still stands, and is heard, as of yore,  
The wind in the trees on the island’s shore :

But the restless river its shore line wears,  
And no longer the island its old name bears.

The Green Tree spreads its shelter of shade  
O'er children at play where their forefathers played,  
And in Providence still abide her race,  
Brave youths with her courage, fair maids with her  
    grace ;  
Undaunted they stand when fainter hearts flee,  
Prepared, whatsoever the emergency.

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED ROSE.



## AT THE SIGN OF THE RED ROSE.

WITHIN the door-way of the Inn  
The host sat smoking at day's close ;  
He could not see the smoke wreaths thin,  
Nor on the sign the painted rose,  
And a white line but faintly showed  
Where through the darkness ran the road ;

O'er which, in state, some hours before,  
A coach, drawn by four horses gray,  
No other than the Governor,  
Refreshed, had borne upon his way.  
Well might the host recount his gain  
From meat and drink for all that train,

And let his fancies run like vines  
Upon the framework of content,  
All in and out, o'er old designs,  
That 'mongst new plans were permanent.  
Well satisfied he rose at last,  
And made each door and window fast,

Threw back the cover from the well,  
Drew the dark dripping bucket up,  
And stooped to dip the cocoa-shell ;—  
Surprise dashed down the undrained cup;

It quenched, with splash of water cool,  
Each mirrored star within the pool.

In sharp, quick volleys, close at hand,  
O'er the hard highway horse-hoofs beat;  
Up hill and down, on stone and sand,  
Now rang, now crunched, the unshodden feet,  
And somewhere in the pebbled stream  
Ceased, as the passing of a dream.

If there one rider raised his blade  
As he o'ertook a fleeing foe,  
It fell into a sheath of shade  
That hid the horsemen, blade and blow;  
Nor have the mornings since revealed  
A trace of what the night concealed.

Meanwhile, the host of the Red Rose,  
Hearing the horse-hoofs still draw near,  
Waited, and wondered long that those  
Who rode so fast should not appear,  
And watched the woods as men, in vain,  
Watch thunder-clouds that bring no rain.

The sounds had ceased; that which appalled  
Him passed; as still grew wood and plain,  
As if the clear star voice had called,  
That nature waits to hear again;  
The hand he held behind his ear  
Still trembled with the pulse of fear.

Only a flutter of leaves he hears—  
The flutter of leaves along a wind  
That moves the mist to sudden tears;  
It sweeps the crannies of the mind,  
And drives him from the moon's slant beams,  
To see the scene again in dreams.

Year after year, when the round moon  
Of autumn shone through the white mist,  
Red as the fiery sun at noon,

A phantom horse came from the east;  
Obeying a phantom rider's hand,  
It dashed across the meadow-land;

A clatter on the stony road,—

A splash of water in the run,—  
But not an imprint daylight showed

Where sound had stopped, or where begun;  
It came—the flavored punch grew cold,  
The favorite tale was stopped half told.

No child could sleep when sire had said  
“The spectre horseman rides to-night;”  
Though once at dusk the skies were red  
With many a burning homestead's light,  
The sentry trembled more in fear  
Of the dead than living Indians near.

Change and decay sure triumphs boast;  
Of the old inn remains no sign  
Save its deep cellar, where the host  
Once tapped his casks of rarest wine;

Its ghost that will not vanish, though  
The tribe were banished long ago.

Gone, with the old time hostelry,  
Are host and guests, and stream now dry,  
Which, 'ere they felled the last great tree  
Along its banks, had all run by;  
This last faint scent of the Red Rose,  
As one reluctant, lingers—goes.

## THE OLD CHURCH AT THE TRAPPE.



## THE OLD CHURCH AT THE TRAPPE.

*Qualis et quantus fuerit non ignorabunt sine lapide  
futura Sæcula.*

In the heat of a day in September  
We came to the old Church door ;  
We bared our heads, I remember,  
On the step that the moss covered o'er :  
There the vines climbed over and under,  
And we trod, with a reverent wonder,  
Through the dust of the years on the floor.

From the dampness and darkness and stillness  
No resonant chantings outrolled ;  
And the air, with its vaporous chillness,  
Covered altar and column with mould ;  
For the pulpit had lost its old glory,  
And its greatness become but a story,—  
A legend still lovingly told.

O'er the graves, 'neath the long, waving grasses,  
In summer the winds lightly blow,  
And the phantoms come forth from the masses  
Of deep-tangled ivy that grow ;  
Through the aisles at midnight they wander,—  
At noon of the loft they are fonder,—  
Unhindered they come and they go.

And it seemed that a breath of a spirit,  
Like a zephyr at cool of the day,  
Passed o'er us, and then we could hear it  
In the loft through the organ-pipes play ;  
All the aisles and the chancel seemed haunted,  
And weird anthems by voices were chanted  
Where dismantled the organ's pipes lay.

Came the warrior who, robed as a colonel,  
Led his men to the fight from the prayer ;  
And the pastor who tells in his journal  
What he saw in the sunlight's bright glare,—  
How a band of wild troopers danced under,  
While the organ was peeling its thunder  
In gay tunes on the sanctified air.

And Gottlieb, colonial musician,  
Once more had come over the seas,  
And sweet to the slave and patrician  
Were the sounds of his low melodies ;  
Once again came the tears, the petition,  
Soul-longings and heart-felt contrition,  
At his mystical touch on the keys.

There joined in the prayers of the yeomen  
For the rulers and high in command,  
The statesman, who prayed that the foeman  
Might perish by sea and by land ;  
And flowers from herbariums elysian  
Long pressed, yet still sweet, in the vision  
Were strewn by a spiritual hand.

There were saints,—there were souls heavy-laden  
With the burden of sins unconfessed ;  
In the shadow there lingered a maiden,  
With a babe to her bosom close pressed,  
And the peace that exceeds understanding,  
Borne on odors of blossoms expanding,  
Forever abode in her breast.

Then hushed were the prayers and the chorus,  
As we gazed through the gloom o'er the pews ;  
And the phantoms had gone from before us  
By invisible, dark avenues ;  
And slowly we passed through the portals,  
In awe from the haunts of immortals,  
Who had vanished like summer's light dews.

O church, that of old proudly flourished !  
Upon thee decay gently falls,  
And the founders by whom thou wert nourished  
Lie low in the shade of thy walls ;  
No stone need those pioneer sages  
To tell their good works to the ages ;  
Thy ruin their greatness recalls.



## THE PERKIOMEN.



## THE PERKIOMEN.

HERE, in times long gone, October bright  
In sombre forests set her glory light;  
Where village street leads o'er the bridge's span,  
Among brown hills and peaceful meadows ran  
The Perkiomen, singing all the day.

For well-tilled fields gave back a hundred-fold,  
And well-filled barns could scarce their treasure  
hold;  
The orchards, bending 'neath the weight they bore,  
Cast down their golden fruit upon the shore  
Of Perkiomen, singing all the day.

There came a change: the leaves upon the wood  
Burned brighter with a color as of blood;  
The waving northern lights, the camp-fires' glow  
Seemed from the heights a tinge of blood to throw.  
On Perkiomen at the close of day.

At morn a host marched proudly to the fight;  
And some returned their camp-fires to relight,  
And some to hear awhile the waters flow;  
Then ears grew dull in coming death, and low  
The Perkiomen sang on that dread day.

And prayers in many distant homes were said  
By hearts that ne'er again were comforted ;  
While here the soldier saw in dreams again  
Home scenes, made vivid by the sad refrain  
Of Perkiomen, singing all the day.

Yet 'mid the gloom and doubt the living learned  
How still defeat to victory might be turned ;  
Until the cannon thundered from the hill  
A conquest's tale, and glad below the mill  
The Perkiomen sang on that great day.

But nature soon forgets : that camp is lost ;  
She hides the graves of all that armed host ;  
On the same site now stands another mill ;  
Another miller leans on the white sill  
To hear the Perkiomen sing to-day.

Let not our hearts forget. Lo ! time makes plain  
How from the sacrifice has grown our gain.  
Here orchards bloom ; each year its harvest brings,  
And clearer still of peace and plenty sings  
The Perkiomen all the autumn day.

LEONARD KEYSER.



## LEONARD KEYSER.

(*Sung at a Centennial Anniversary, October 4, 1877.*)

WHEN Leonard Keyser heard the cries  
    Of grief for martyred dead,  
And saw the place of sacrifice,  
    Whereto his pathway led,  
He pleaded not, with useless prayer,  
    To scorning bigots near,  
But plucked a flower that bloomed so fair  
    It made the waste more drear.

One flower that had escaped the breath  
    That swept the withered land :  
God's symbol of a life from death,  
    He held it in his hand.  
“If ye have power,” he spake, “this hour,  
    With all the fires ye light  
To burn my body, or this flower,  
    Then have ye done aright.”

His eyes upraised saw not the glare  
    Of torch on hooting crowd,  
But far above the fagots' flare  
    A rift within the cloud,—

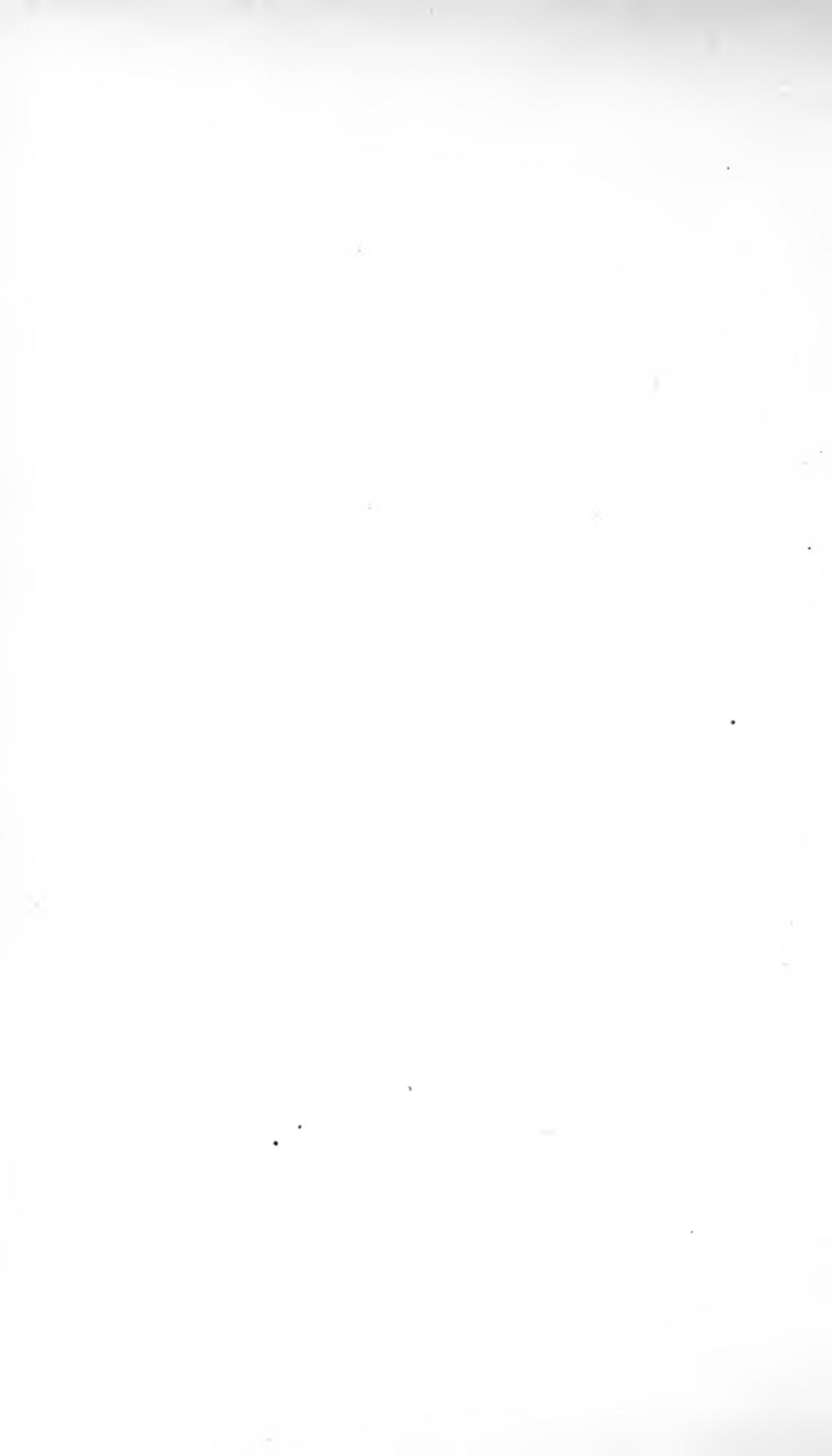
A promise sent from God on high  
That Hate should surely fail :  
No wrath could then His power defy,  
Nor in the end prevail.

We seek not, Lord, to know the spell  
That wrought Thy will divine ;  
We know Thou doest all things well ;  
The miracle was Thine  
To cause the bonds to fall,—to take  
From death all trace of pain  
And mark of fire, and then to make  
The flower to bloom again.

The fagots' blaze, like noontide hours,  
Gave vigor to Truth's germ,  
And tears but seemed the summer showers  
To make its root more firm.  
Upon the Inn's dark ebbing tide  
The Martyr's corse was thrown,  
A witness of his creed he died,  
A faith his children own.

Upon those waves the good ships bore  
Truth's fruitage to the sea,  
Whose surges broke upon this shore  
Of Peace and Liberty.  
And thou, O God ! whose hollowed hand  
Upheld the troubled sea  
Whereon our sires sailed to this land,  
We lift our prayers to Thee—

To ask that for these kinsmen here  
Thou wilt extend Thy care,  
As when Thou mad'st the rift appear  
Above the fagots' flare ;  
We thank Thee for Thy blessings given  
To all this gathered throng,  
And sing Thy praises unto Heaven  
In one triumphant song.



HA! HA! AND HA! HA! INDEED!



## HA! HA! AND HA! HA! INDEED!

In the young days of this old hall  
The men wore buckles and garments brighter,  
And the dames head-dresses somewhat less tall  
Than their colored coachmen, and powdered whiter.

'Tis said that here to this same old hall  
The county gentry their way once wended,  
Some few dames alone, but be sure that all  
On their homeward ride were well attended.

They came to a frolic, a dance and dinner,  
Where wines and viands were equally good,  
Followed by cards; the gains of the winner  
Were long the talk of the neighborhood.

At the music made by the slaves of Mount Pleasant,  
Now weird and wild, now soft and clear,  
The pine-trees hushed their moaning incessant,  
And the waves ran silent ashore to hear.

Now, among the rest who came to the rout  
Were the colonel, the squire, and the squire's  
pretty daughter  
(One could see the old miracle turned about  
In the squire's weak eyes, where wine changed  
to water).

A quarrel arose at the turn of a card  
Between the two men, and words waxed warmer  
(The fainting daughter came to in the yard  
Ere aught occurred to really alarm her).

Said the doughty squire, and his speech was broken  
With laughter, "Ha! ha!—A good jest this."  
"Ha! ha! *Indeed!*" was the answer spoken,  
And a sword-blade rattled the emphasis.

At once at the tone and sneer and gesture,  
Since if blood were spilled t'would soil the floors,  
The squire suggested they doff their vesture,  
And settle the quarrel alone, out of doors.

Just as the night-winds fanned the flame  
Of day on the bay-sands, 'till it faded,  
Whence a star like a fawn from its cover came,  
Through the dew on the grass the two men waded—

Away from the hall and towards the hill  
To the field where the pines are waving yonder;  
Some guests grew sober, and all were still  
In the house as the moments passed in wonder,

While they heard the tones of scornful laughter  
Faint and far over the fields recede,—  
"Ha! ha! Ha! ha!" and quickly came after  
The sneering answer, "Ha! ha! *Indeed!*"

Thus the pair passed out of sight forever.

Mysterious! Yes. They tottered, some say,  
Over the bank in the bend of Bush River.

However that is, to this very day

Are heard in the fields on the hill each night,

Above the soughing of pine-trees mournful,  
A laugh, “*Ha! ha!*” that is merry and bright,  
And a “*Ha! ha! Indeed!*” that is sad and  
scornful.

“*Ha! ha!*” laughs loudest and longest, but wait

Till the mirth is dead and the laughter over,  
“*Ha! ha! Indeed!*” either soon or late,  
Always laughs last, as you will discover.



IN WINTER QUARTERS.



## IN WINTER QUARTERS.

GRANDCHILDREN, you must not forget  
That the Marquis de La Fayette  
Beneath this roof once slept and ate,  
Yes, and often at table the Aide  
Of the Marquis smiled on the pretty maid  
Who filled their glasses. From the gate  
They shook the snow each morning gray,  
And towards the camp they rode away,  
And, when the evening drill was done,  
Dismounted here at set of sun.

One morn the Marquis rode, but the Aide—  
“*J'ai mal*,” or something like that he said.  
He took French leave; at home he stayed,  
And fretted, and fumed, and hindered the maid.  
At eve the Marquis, as often before,  
Climbed the high stairway, opened the door,  
And silently looked across the room:  
Somewhere he heard, from the twilight gloom,  
A scream, and saw the impudent Aide  
Seize and kiss his serving maid.

Nothing the Marquis said to the Aide;  
Nothing he said to the struggling maid;

But down the steep stairs, out into the snow,—  
I laugh, but, ah, it was long ago,—  
Down these same steps, o'er yonder path,  
He booted the Aide in his sudden wrath.—  
Then all at once four voices said,  
“ Why, grandma, you were the pretty maid !  
But what of the Aide ? ”—With never a glance  
Turned backward, straight he sailed to France.

## THE BURYING-GROUND.



## THE BURYING-GROUND.

*(Axe's Graveyard, Germantown.)*

HERE is the burying-ground, hid from the street,  
Hemmed in, its entrance barred, its exit known  
Unto the dead, and unto them alone.

No mourners tread these aisles with reverent feet,  
For all have gone where mourned and mourners  
greet.

Its last forget-me-not forgot, o'ergrown.

Over the latest grave low leans the stone.

These records, like a book, are closed—complete.

A simple, peaceful folk, nor ties love wrought

At home, nor terrors of the sea could keep  
Them back. Their rugged names have never been  
Upon Fame's scroll. It matters not. They sought  
The wilderness, subdued it, and they sleep  
As if their loved Rhine kept the grave-grass green.



## A NOVEMBER NOCTURNE.



## A NOVEMBER NOCTURNE.

Ho! Channing! The wild geese that thou did'st  
hear

At morn by the shore of the Assabett  
An hour ago (the night was cold and clear ;  
The wind had fall'n; the moon had not yet set)  
Gave hail here by the Chesapeake. We sat  
At whist—Pearl's deal. What else would we be at  
Where Time's slow windlass draws the days like  
links

Of anchor-chains? Pearl deals, but sees not, thinks  
Not of the flight of cards her deft hand sends ;  
For on the hearth her steady gaze she bends,

As if beyond the updrawn veil of flame  
She saw green meadows, heard the blue-birds sing  
In orchards white, and felt the airs of Spring

Steal softly back the wayward course they came.

Once round the house a wandering wind did go  
In search of nooks to hold the coming snow ;  
Once bayed the dog to prove his vigil kept,

But when the moonlit farm gave back no sound,  
He shook his shaggy sides, barked low, and slept.

Within, the cards clicked on the table round ;  
We heard the clock's pulse rise, and pause, and fall  
Into the fathomless deep that swallows all ;  
And silence seemed, with her mute lips apart,  
About to tell the secret of her heart.

Hark! Hear the challenge! How from farm to  
farm,  
Along the watch-dog's cordon, spreads the alarm;  
Now leaps the wind a-tree-top; the gaunt limbs  
toss  
It back, and baffled now, and all at loss,  
It goes its zigzag way across the clearing,  
Whistling folk up, and leaving them a-fearing.

Then stood we shivering in the night-air cold,  
And heard a sound, as if a chariot rolled  
Groaning adown the heavens; and lo! o'erhead,  
Twice, thrice the wild geese cried; then on they  
sped,  
O'er field and wood and bay, towards southern seas;  
So low they flew that on the forest trees  
Their strong wings splashed a spray of moonlight  
white;  
So straight they flew, so fast their steady flight,  
True as an arrow they sailed down the night;  
Like lights blown out they vanished from the sight.

E'en while we gazed, and listened, field and shore  
And nearer folds grew quiet as before.  
Only the awakened brook, before it slept  
Again, murmured a little; the watch-dog crept  
Back to his kennel, where he barked no more;  
And Pearl, her cherry lips all changed to white,  
Pale, passionless, and beautiful as night,  
On the lit landscape softly closed the door.

## THE FALLING OF THE DEW.



## THE FALLING OF THE DEW.

THERE'S a wraith that chaseth the twilight hour,—  
A wraith, as the foam of the breakers white,  
That seeketh the lawn, but avoideth the bower,  
That is sad, and her tears are the dews of the  
night.

There is spray on her hair, and her feet are bare,  
Tho' chill is the East, whence she taketh her  
flight,  
Whence the sea sent her forth, and its woe and de-  
spair  
Are changed in her tears to the dews of the night.

To the famished fields of the Lord of the Day,  
By night she bringeth a keen delight;  
Athirst,—and they drink, but she cannot delay  
While they drink of her tears in the dews of the  
night.

Ah! cool is her breath as the forehead of Death,  
And the cheek of my lady turns pale and white,  
As unseen, and in silence, swift passeth the wraith,  
And sheddeth her tears in the dews of the night.

And the blithe heart is sad, tho' it cannot tell why,  
When the hills, through the casement, grow dim  
on the sight,  
In the hour when the wraith of the sea draweth  
nigh,  
With the woe of the sea and the dews of the  
night.

And mortals aweary with burdens of fears,  
And sorrows that sink on the heart like a blight,  
Still love best the hour when the day disappears,  
And the dews on the valley fall with the night.

BECALMED.



## BECALMED.

BEFORE the blast, that sweeps the bay  
And bluff, the pine-trees sway ;  
Hoar harpers they,  
Whose harmonies sweet  
Rise with the waves that beat  
And break around the harpers' feet.

Cold is the hearth of the hostel old ;  
The heart of home is cold ;  
A-field, in fold,  
All green things grow  
Uncropped, and long ago  
The wharf slipped in the slow tide's flow.

In their low beds the people sleep,—  
Sleep while the shadows creep  
Down caverns deep.

“ Wake ! While ye lie . . .  
In dreams the sails go by !  
Wake ! Wake ! ‘Tis day ; the sun is high.”

No call can now, nor sobs could make  
Who sleep in death awake,  
Or their dreams break.  
The sails are gone ;  
Hope, love hope builded on,  
Swift joy and pain—all, all are done.



GOOD TIMES.

91 - 1990

## GOOD TIMES.

ONCE more along the valley  
The furnace-fires gleam bright,  
And the forgeman comes across the hills  
    And follows the beckoning light;  
Guided by columns of smoke by day,  
    By pillars of fire at night.

Half-way he meets the shadows  
    That hide the valley green,  
But down by the flow of the river below  
    He hears the welcome din  
Of labor that fills with joy the homes  
    Where care so long has been.

Ho! Want lies down a-dying,  
    Ho! Let the old wolf die!  
Laughter is light as the furnace-flame,  
    And together they leap to the sky  
On a way so yellow and red and white  
    That the stars all fade on high.

And the child of Thor gives thanks to the Christ  
    Who hath answered his prayer for bread,  
Who hath sent new zest for life to his breast,  
    And hope that he thought lay dead;

Rejoice ! Now Hunger gives up the chase,  
And the man comes in ahead.

How light shall seem the labor  
For wife and children three,  
How sweet the rest when day is done  
And he shares his children's glee !  
And hail to the morn when his babe shall be born !  
His babe will welcome be.

AFTER THE PROPOSAL.



## AFTER THE PROPOSAL.

I KNOW a little street, just wide  
Enough to have a sunny side ;  
Within the gardens all a-row  
The vines creep 'round and roses grow.  
Come, sweet, and see, and say if you  
Think house so small full large for two.  
Tho' small, no doubt there's room in it  
To look around and bide a bit—  
To bide a bit for hope to grow.  
There is not room for pride or show ;  
There's room for love and love's increase ;  
There's room to bar out strife with peace ;  
There's room to give and take and share ;  
The cares to come there's room to bear ;  
But none for envy, none to care  
What neighbors do or what they wear.  
If no gay teams prance past our door,  
We'll inward turn our thoughts the more ;  
If each serves each, Love's retinue  
Will make the service light and true.  
All space and life will crowded be  
With one sweet guest, felicity ;  
And narrow street will stretch away  
To hill-tops whence the bright dawns stray.



## THE PINEY.



## THE PINEY.

INTO the pines and out of the pines  
Foot-deep the sand-road flows;  
Out of the pines and into the pines  
The woodman's wagon goes.

His sheet-bow top, that clears his head  
By a scant inch or two,  
Shuts out the morning sun's mild rays,  
And lets the fierce noon's through.

Each house he knows along the way;  
He knows the back way in,  
And in mysterious cellars finds,  
And fills the fuel-bin.

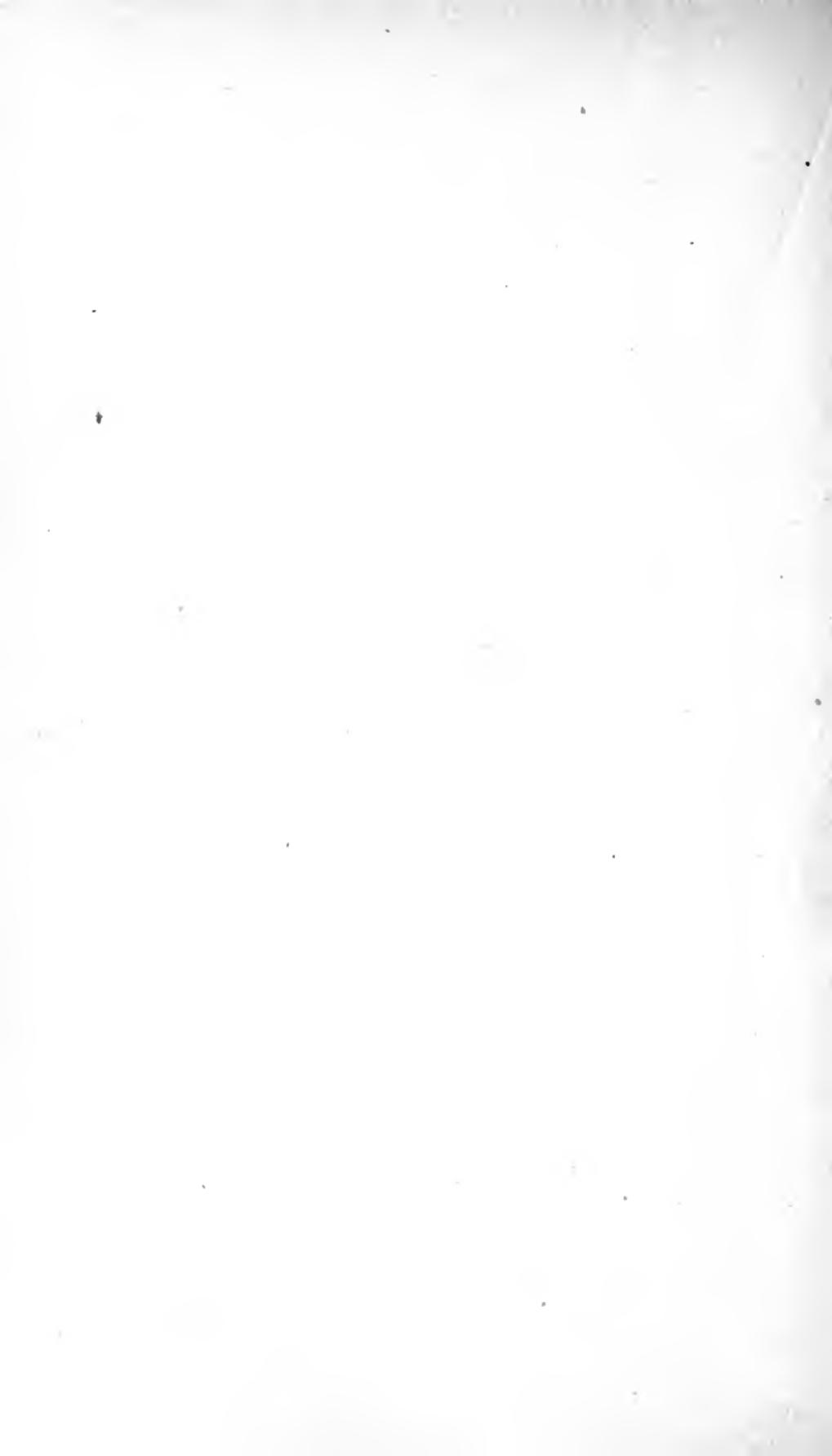
He knows where in the swamp's recess  
The crimson cranberry grows,  
And where above those cool, still pools  
The blueberries hang he knows.

He stays not on the bridge to see  
The red Rancocas run,  
And leaping sweep from garden walls  
The ripened rose of June;

Nor follows in his thought the stream,  
The coves and village past—  
Past many a meadow till it sinks  
In vaster deeps at last.

Back slowly where home sunsets burn  
The woodman's wagon goes.  
The current of his habit ebbs  
The even way it flows.

## NOTES.



## NOTES.

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Page 13: “*Their volleys rang the first and last ;  
They kept with Webb the target-wood.”*

THE battle of Gettysburg was opened by the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania Infantry, commanded by Colonel (afterwards General) John William Hofmann. General Cutler, who commanded the brigade, wrote to the Governor of Pennsylvania, November 5, 1863, as follows: “It was my fortune to be in advance on the morning of July 1. When we came upon the ground in front of the enemy, Colonel Hofmann’s regiment (being the second in the column) got into position a moment sooner than the others, the enemy now advancing in line of battle within easy musket-range. The atmosphere being a little thick, I took out my glass to examine the enemy, being a few paces in rear of Colonel Hofmann, who turned to me and inquired, ‘Is that the enemy?’ My reply was ‘Yes.’ Turning to his men, he commanded, ‘Ready, right-oblique, aim, fire!’ and the battle of Gettysburg was opened.” The last volley from Meade’s army was fired by the advancing Pennsylvania Reserves on the evening of the third day. “The Philadelphia Brigade,” commanded in this battle by General Alexander S. Webb, held that part of Meade’s line immediately in front of the little grove of trees, which was pointed out to General Pickett, before his famous charge of the third

day began, as the spot where he should strike the Union line. This grove is popularly known as the "high-water mark of the rebellion."

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Page 19: "Tacey Richardson."

The heroine of the adventure described in this poem was the daughter of Captain Joseph Richardson, whose remarkable exploits are told in a sketch included in a volume entitled "Historical and Biographical Sketches," by Judge Samuel W. Pennypacker, published in Philadelphia in 1883. Tacey Richardson actually did what the poem describes her as doing. The horses "Sopus," "Fearnaught," and "Scipio" were Arabian horses, which belonged to her father.

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Page 29: "At the Sign of the Red Rose."

The Moravian chronicles contain a brief reference to the spectre horseman who was supposed to haunt the locality of the Red Rose Inn.

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Page 35: "The Old Church at the Trappe."

Previous to and during the Revolutionary War the pastor of this church was the Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, the founder of the Lutheran Church in America. He was perfectly familiar with the Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, and is said to have used in speaking and writing all the modern languages of the continent of Europe. He played with skill

on the organ, harp, guitar, and violin, and possessed a pleasing voice and sang in a way that gave his hearers much enjoyment. He kept a diary in which he noted his dismay at witnessing the scene described in the fifth stanza of the poem. The line from the Latin under the title of the poem, and paraphrased in the last stanza, is carved upon his tombstone. He and his three sons are buried by the church-wall. One of these sons was Major-General Peter Muhlenberg.

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Page 36: " —*the warrior who, robed as a colonel,  
Led his men to the fight from the prayer.*"

Lossing, in his sketch of General Muhlenberg, and T. Buchanan Read, in his poem, "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," narrate his dramatic closing of a sermon in his Virginia church by saying, "There is a time for all things—a time to fight and a time to pray, but those times have passed away. There is a time to fight, and that time has now come." Then laying aside his robe, he stood before his flock in the full regimental dress of a Virginia colonel. He ordered the drums to be beaten at the church-door for recruits, and almost all of his male audience capable of bearing arms enlisted. His brother, Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, was the first President of Congress under the Constitution, and afterwards United States Senator from Pennsylvania. Another brother was the Rev. Henry Ernst Muhlenberg, D.D., one of the most widely known of early American botanists. His "Flora of Lancaster County" was published in 1785. Among his other botanical works was a catalogue of native and naturalized plants of North America, arranged according to the sexual system of Linnæus.

Page 36: "*And Gottlieb, colonial musician.*"

This was Gottlieb Mittleberger, music-master, organist at the Trappe church, and author of "A Journey to Pennsylvania in the year 1750," etc. He brought the first organ to America.

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Page 41: "The Perkiomen."

For several weeks previous and subsequent to the battle of Germantown, Washington's army was encamped upon the Perkiomen Creek, in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania; General Washington's head-quarters being at Pennybacker's Mills. There he issued the congratulatory order announcing Burgoyne's defeat. Some of Washington's officers, wounded or killed in the battle of Germantown, found graves in the church-yards of the peaceful Mennonites, or Dunkards, near the Perkiomen, who, like the Quakers, refused to bear arms for conscience' sake. Among them was General Nash, of North Carolina.

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Page 45: "Leonard Keyser."

"In 1527 was the learned and good Leonard Keyser taken and condemned to be burnt. As he neared the fire, bound in a cart, he brake off a flower that grew in the field, and said to the judges, for they rode along with him, 'If ye can burn this little flower and me, then have ye judged aright; if not, take heed and repent.' Thrice the great fagots were heaped around him at the stake and kindled. Nevertheless, when they had burned away, his body was found unmarked, save

that his hair was singed and his nails were a little brown. Likewise the little flower yet lay in his hand unchanged. Thereupon the sheriffs cut his body into pieces and cast them into the Inn. But a judge was so moved thereat that he yielded up his office, and one of the sheriffs became a Mennonite brother and ever thereafter lived a pious life."—*Van Braght.*

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Page 51: "Ha! ha! and Ha! ha! *Indeed!*"

Captain John Hall removed from St. Mary's County, Maryland, and in 1694 bought fifteen hundred and thirty-nine acres of land on the Bush River, in the northern part of Baltimore county. He called his new home Cranberry Hall. William White Wiltbank, Esq., in a paper read at a meeting in 1877 of the descendants of Colonel Thomas White, who was the father of Bishop White, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, records of Cranberry Hall this tradition, which affords the somewhat slight foundation for the poem :

"His children, while they trembled, yearned to hear, and devoutly believed, ghost stories ; and his fields were the scenes of wild midnight mysteries, that gave names to their open stage. . . . There is an entertaining instance of this in the traditions of a tract till recently in the family, of which one enclosure was called 'Ha! ha!' and another, 'Ha! ha! *Indeed!*' The restless spectre that ruled the former in the deep of night announced his presence and his humor in a wild 'Ha, ha!' to whom the unknowable soul in the other field, whether in the sympathy of jollity or in the malevolence of mockery and triumph cannot be said, laughed back, in startling notes, 'Ha! ha! *Indeed!*'"

## Page 57: "In Winter Quarters."

"Soon after the battle of Brandywine, La Fayette, who had been wounded, was conveyed to the house of Dr. Stephens, a short distance from Valley Forge. The office of the Doctor, in the second story of the building, with a flight of steps leading down into the kitchen, was under the charge of his daughter, a young girl, afterwards Mistress Elizabeth Rossiter. One morning, while she was engaged in cleaning the room, La Fayette entered, followed by a young aide-de-camp. The aide, with French impulse, seized the girl and kissed her. La Fayette turned quickly about, and unceremoniously kicked the young gentleman down the steps and out of the house, telling him at the same time that such conduct was not permissible."—*Annals of Phœnixville and Vicinity*, page 111.











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